

Train Watching

Went with Gramps to our small station to watch The War Train go through.

Some troopers sang as they clicked past, others pushed their lonely faces against the windows.

Instead of cranking up the barrier to release traffic on Church Street, Old Carl left it down for another train following.

What's that? I asked Gramps.

Why that there's the Gravy Train!

He had been coming into his dotage. As he kept an eye on me, Mother said to keep one on him. Anyway, imagine a train full of gravy!